

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

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[Whole Number 493.]

THE DEATH OF MR. CLARE,

FROM THE NOVEL OF CALER WILLIAMS.

IT was not long after that a malignant contagious distemper broke out in the neighborhood, which proved fatal to many of the inhabitants, and was of unexampled rapidity in its effects. One of the first persons that was seized with it was Mr. Clare. It may be believed that this incident spread more grief and alarm thro the vicinity. Mr. Clare was considered by them as something more than a mortal. The equanimity of his behavior, his unassuming carriage, his exuberant benevolence and goodness of heart, joined with his talents, his inoffensive wit, and the comprehensiveness of his intelligence, made him the idol of all who knew him. In the scene of his rural retreat, at least, he had not an enemy. All mourned the danger that now threatened him. He appeared to have the prospect of long life, and of going down to his grave full of years and honor. Perhaps these appearances were deceitful. Perhaps the intellectual efforts he had exerted, which were occasionally more sudden, violent, and unintermitted, than a strict regard to health would have dictated, had laid the seeds of future disease. But a sanguine observer would infallibly have predicted, that his good sense, presence of mind, and unaltered cheerfulness, would be able even to keep death at bay for a time, and baffle the attacks of distemper, provided this universal foe did not take him by surprise. The general affliction, therefore, was doubly pungent upon the present occasion.

But no one was so much affected as Mr. Falkland. Perhaps no man living so well understood the value of the life that was now at stake. He immediately hastened to the spot; but he found some difficulty in gaining admission. Mr. Clare, aware of the infectious nature of that disease, had given directions, that as few people as possible should approach him. Mr. Falkland sent up his name. He was told that he was included in the general orders. He was not however, of a temper to be easily repulsed; he persisted with obstinacy, and at length carried his point, being only reminded in the first instance to employ those precautions which experience has approved as most effectual for counteracting infection.

He found Mr. Clare in his bed-chamber, but not in bed. He was sitting in his night-gown at a bureau near the window. His appearance was composed and cheerful, but death was in his countenance. I had a great inclination, Mr. Falkland, said he, not to have suffered you to come in; and yet there is not a person in the world that could give me more pleasure to see. But upon second thoughts I believe there are few people that could run into a danger of this kind with a better prospect of escaping. In your case, at least, the garrison will not be taken thro the treachery of the commander. I cannot tell how it is that I, who can preach wisdom to you, have myself been caught. But do not be discouraged by my example. I had no notice of my danger, or I would have acquitted myself better. These strange seeds of distemper seem to float in the air, and to fasten upon the frame without its being

possible for us to tell what was the method of their approach.

Mr. Falkland having once established himself in the apartment of his friend, would upon no terms consent to retire. Mr. Clare considered that there was perhaps less danger in this choice than in a frequent change from the extremes of a pure to a tainted air, and desisted from his expostulation. Falkland, said he, when you came in, I had just finished making my will. I was not pleased with what I had formerly drawn up upon that subject, and I did not choose, in present situation, to call in an attorney. In fact it would be strange if a man of sense, with pure and direct intentions, should not be able to perform such a function for himself.

Mr. Clare continued to act in the same easy and disengaged manner as in perfect health. To judge from the cheerfulness of his tone, and the firmness of his manner, the shot would never once have occurred to you that he was dying. He walked, he reasoned, he jested, in a way that argued the most perfect self-possession. But his appearance changed perceptibly for the worse every quarter of an hour. Mr. Falkland kept his eye perpetually fixed upon him with mingled sentiments of anxiety and admiration.

Falkland, said he, after having appeared for a short period absorbed in thought. I feel that I am dying. This is a strange distemper of mine. Yesterday I seemed in perfect health, and to-morrow I shall be an insensible corpse. How curious is the line that separates life and death to mortal men! To be at one moment active, gay, and penetrating, with immense stores of knowledge at one's command, capable of delighting, instructing, and animating mankind, and the next, lifeless and loathsome, an incumbrance upon the face of the earth. Such is the history of many men, and such will be mine.

I feel as if I had yet much to do in the world; but it will not be. I must be contented with what is past. It is in vain that I muster all my spirits to my heart. The enemy is too mighty and too merciless for me; he will not give me time so much as to breathe. These things are not yet in our power. They are parts of a great series that is perpetually flowing. The general welfare, the great business of the universe, will go on, tho I bear no farther share in promoting it. That task is reserved for younger strengths; for you, Falkland, and such as you. We should be contemptible, indeed, if the prospect of human improvement did not yield us a pure and perfect delight, independently of the question of our existing to partake of it. Mankind would have little envy to future ages, if they had all enjoyed a serenity as perfect as mine.

Mr. Clare sat up thro the whole day, indulging himself in easy and cheerful exertions, which were perhaps better calculated to refresh and invigorate the frame, than if he had sought repose in its direct form. Now and then he was visited with a sudden pang; but it was no sooner felt, than he seemed to rise above it, and smiled at the impotence of the attack. Three or four times he was bedewed with profuse sweats, and these

again were succeeded by an extreme dryness and burning heat of the skin. He was next covered with small lived spots. Symptoms of shivering followed, but these he drove away with a determined resolution. He then became tranquil and composed, and after some time determined to go to bed, it being already night. Falkland, said he, pressing his hand, the task of dying is not so difficult as some people imagine. When one looks back from the brink of it, one wonders that so total a subversion can take place at so easy a rate.

He had now been some time in bed, and as every thing was still, Mr. Falkland hoped that he slept. But in that he was mistaken. Presently Mr. Clare threw back the curtain, and looked in the countenance of his friend: I cannot sleep, said he. No, if I could sleep, it would be the same thing as to recover; and I am fated to have the work in this battle.

Falkland, I have been thinking about you. I do not know any one whose future usefulness I contemplate with greater hope. Take care of yourself. Do not let the world be defrauded of the benefit of your virtues. I am well acquainted with your weakness as well as your strength. You have an impetuosity and an impatience of imagined dishonor, that if once set wrong, may make you as eminently mischievous, as you will otherwise be useful. Would to God you would think seriously of exterminating this error!

But if I cannot, in the brief expostulation my present situation will allow, work this desirable change in you, there is at least one thing I can do. I can put you upon your guard against a mischief I foresee to be eminent. Beware of Mr. Tyrrel. Do not commit the mistake of despising him as an equal opponent. Petty causes may produce great mischiefs. Mr. Tyrrel is boisterous, rugged, and unfeeling; and you are too passionate, too acutely sensible of injury. It would be truly to be lamented, if a man so inferior, so utterly unworthy to be compared with you, should be capable of changing your whole history into misery and guilt. Think of this. I exact no promise from you. I would not shackle you with the fetters of superstition; I would have you be governed by reason and justice.

Mr. Falkland was deeply affected with this expostulation. His sense of the generous attention of Mr. Clare at such a moment as this, was so great as almost to deprive him of utterance. He spoke in short sentences, and with visible effort. I will behave better, replied he. Never fear me! Your kind admonitions shall not be thrown away upon me.

Mr. Clare adverted to another subject. I have made you my executor: You will not refuse me this last office of friendship. It is but a short time that I have had the happiness of knowing you; but in that short time I have examined you well and seen you thoroughly. Do not disappoint the sanguine hope I have entertained!

I have left some legacies. My former connections, while I lived amidst the busy haunts of men, as many of them as were intimate, are all of them dear to me. I have not had time to

funerion them about me upon the present occasion; nor did I desire it. The remembrances of me will, I hope, answer a better purpose than such as are usually shot of on similar occasions.

Mr. Clare, having thus unburdened his mind, spoke no more for several hours. Towards morning Mr. Falkland quietly withdrew the curtain, and looked at the dying man. His eyes were open, and were now gently turned towards his young friend. His countenance was sunk, and of a death-like appearance. I hope you are better, said Falkland in a half-whisper, as if afraid of disturbing him. Mr. Clare drew his hand from the bed-clothes, and stretched it forward; Mr. Falkland advanced, and took hold of it. Much better, said Mr. Clare, in a voice inward, and hardly articulate; the struggle is now over; I have finished my part; farewell; remember! These were his last words. He lived still a few hours; his lips were sometime seen to move; he expired without a groan.

Mr. Falkland had witnessed the scene with much anxiety. His hopes of a favorable crisis, and his fear of disturbing the last moments of his friend, had held him dumb. For the last half hour he had stood up with his eyes intently fixed upon Mr. Clare. He witnessed the last gasp, the last little convulsive motion of the frame. He continued to look; he seemed sometimes to imagine that he saw life renewed. At length he could deceive himself no longer, and exclaimed, with a distracted accent, AND IS THIS ALL? He would have thrown himself upon the body of his friend; the attendants with-held, and would have forced him into another apartment. But he struggled from them, and hung fondly over the bed. Is this the end of genius, virtue, and excellence; Is the luminary of the world thus for ever gone! Oh, yesterday! yesterday! Clare, why could not I have died in your stead? Dreadful moment! Irreparable loss! Lost in the very maturity and vigor of his mind! Cut off from a usefulness ten thousand times greater than any he had already exhibited! Oh, his was a mind to have instructed ages, and guided the moral world! This is all we have left of him! The eloquence of those lips is gone! The best and wisest of men is gone, and the world is insensible of its loss!

Mr. Tyrrel heard the intelligence of Mr. Clare's death with emotion, but a very different kind. He avowed that he had not forgiven him his partial attachment to Falkland, and therefore could not recall his remembrance with kindness. But, if he could have overlooked his past injustice, sufficient care was taken to employ means to keep alive his resentment. Falkland forthwith attended him on his death-bed, as if no body else was worthy to partake of his confidential communications. But what was worth of all was this executorship. In every thing this pragmatical rascal throws me behind. Contemptible wretch, that has nothing of the man about him! Must he perpetually trample on his betters? Is every body incapable of reason, and making a right estimate of the merits of men? Caught with mere outside? Choosing the flimsy before the substantial? And upon his death-bed too! [Mr. Tyrrel with his uncultivated brutality mixed, as usually happens, certain notions of religion]. Sure the sense of his situation might have shamed him. Poor wretch! his soul has a great deal to answer for. He has made my pillow uneasy; and whatever may be the consequences, it is him we have to thank for them.

The death of Mr. Clare removed the person who could most effectually have moderated the animosities of the contending parties, and took away the great operative check upon the excesses of Mr. Tyrrel. This rustic tyrant had been held in involuntary restraint by the intellectual ascendancy of his celebrated neighbor; and, notwithstanding the general ferocity of his temper, did not appear till lately to have entertained a hatred against him. In the short time that had elapsed from the period in which Mr. Clare had fixed his residence in the neighborhood, to that of the arrival of Mr. Falkland from the continent, the conduct of Mr. Tyrrel had even shewn tokens of improvement. Such was the felicity of Mr. Clare's manners, that, even while he corrected, he conciliated, and excited no angry emotions in those whose actions were most curbed by the apprehension of his displeasure. The effects of his suavity, however, so far as related to Mr. Tyrrel, had been in a certain degree suspended by considerations of rivalry between this gentleman and Mr. Falkland. And, now that the influence of Mr. Clare's presence and virtues were entirely removed, Mr. Tyrrel's temper broke out into more criminal excesses than at any former period, having the additional stimulus of mortified pride and disappointed ambition.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Upon hearing MADAM DE SEZE play upon the Harp.

WHAT more than mortal sound
Steals on the raptur'd ear
Of mute attention? Sure some spirit blest'd
Breathes on the trembling strings,
To sooth some parting soul with harmony angelic,
Else why obedient to the magic sounds,
The captive passions own their sweet controul;
Again it wakes! a solemn plaintive strain,
'Twas Pity's self that sigh'd
O'er some wild woe's tale;
From her sad breast the sweetly mingled lay
Of grief, and softest harmony arose!
But now enchanted Hope,
Pours on the conscious gale,
Her own sweet frolic--song of love and joy;
In Tempe's vale, where myrtle bowers,
Weave an ever verdant shade,
Methinks with rosy garlands crown'd,
The sprightly dance, the laughing pleasures lead.
But thou, whose gentle hand,
Th' enraptur'd strings obey,
Well may each wild note o'er the spirit pour
Enthusiastic joy, since Genius' self,
And native sensibility,
Thy sole instructors, taught the tuneful art.
September, 1797.

To the person who styles himself "THE LADIES FRIEND," and precedes it with "A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES," in the Museum of Saturday last.

THE waning moon, our satellite,
Who rules o'er madness and the night,
With jealous eye hath surely shed
Her baneful influence on thy head;
Since as a votary for the bays
Thy muse bedeck'd in borrow'd rays,
Hath dar'd to claim a poet's praise!
The simile, its true, has humour,
Yet can't be claim'd by each pretender--
Is not the offspring of your brain;
But--Swift is dead, and can't complain.
Alas, poor Dean! he lov'd to pun,
At females' oft would aim his fun.
Sometimes, indeed, 'twas low--nay base.
Quite unbecoming one of grace.
And tho his brain e're now is rotten,
The caput mortuum's not forgotten:
The goddess still her influence shews,
And all her wits have ebbs and flows.
By dint of pow'r she can derange
The brightest wit with monthly change--
Old similes they vouch for new
As plagiarisms often do--
Profess themselves the Ladies' Friend
To court applause--"but miss their end,"
A lunary--ought first to mend.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A New Simile for the Ladies, in your last Museum, induced a correspondent to send the following.

IS there so whimsical a creature
As an Old Bachelor in nature?
Yes--I'll recall what I have said,
And, 'stead of BACHELOR, write MAID.

D. L.

MARTIAL, Lib. III. Ep. 13. Imitated.

THE thief that is cunning may steal all your gold,
Your house in a blaze may your substance in fold,
The debtor may fail, and then what is your bond?
A mildew may blast all the corn on your land,
A mis may elope with your purse, to your cost,
Your ships run on ground and your wares be all lost;
Alone on right gifts true possession depends,
You always have that which you give to true friends.

COME WE'LL TAKE THE T'OTHER SIP.

THE grog drinker is not the only man who takes the t'other sip. The drone, the sluggard, opens his eyes upon the morning dawn--he stretches--rolls over--gapes--feels drowsy--says it is time enough yet--hugs the pillow, and takes t'other sip. He naps away a precious hour or two, when he might have earned his breakfast.

The gamester takes a hand at whist in the evening--a hand or two can do no harm--it is an amusement; a quarter of a dollar a corner is a trifle--his mind is engaged--if he has lost a game, he must play another to win--if he has won, he hopes to win again--he must take t'other sip--and the t'other--the clock strikes nine--but one more hand can do no harm--who would go to bed with the chickens? The clock strikes twelve--but one more hand and I positively go--the clock strikes one; he starts; damns his luck; but the next evening he'll take another sip; he swears he'll recover what he has lost; he marches home, when not an animal should be awake, but owls and rats and thieves.

The poor man, with a score of bare-footed children, breadless and naked, works hard for a little meat to silence the demands of hunger, and a little wood to warm their naked limbs, but there is a lottery--a prize of one thousand dollars! and not two blanks to a prize! yes, one prize that is worth having among nine thousand tickets! Glorious chance! nine thousand to one against him! But a ticket he must have. Four or five days labor, the subsistence of several days, must be bartered for a ticket! Nine thousand to one against him! Is this all? No, no. He is anxious for good fortune; he must stand by and see the drawing; a week more lost; time is money; the price of the ticket is two dollars, and costs him four. The wheel of fortune rolls, and rolls and rolls him up--a blank. But like the grog drinker, who takes t'other sip, he must try his luck again. Luckless man! nine thousand to one, is odds against him. One certainly is better than a thousand lotteries, where some thousand of probabilities are against a man.

MATRIMONIAL RECONCILIATION.

THE people of Zurich have an old custom which they have probably from the wisdom of their ancestors. If married people, in spite of remonstrance, persist in a desire to separate, they are confined for some weeks in a chamber of the council house, in which there is nothing but a small bed, a stool, and a table. Their food is served on one dish, with one plate, one knife and fork, and one spoon. Change of place, privation, and the sociality that arises from the necessity of mutually aiding each other, have frequently before the time of probation has expired, so reconciled all thots of parting, and have lived peaceably together till death.

ELEGANT SENTENCES.

IT is a strange desire which men have to seek power, and lose liberty.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like an alloy of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it.

Revengeful persons live and die like witches; their life is mischievous, and their end unfortunate.

It is a high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the stoics, that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.

He that cannot see well, let him go softly.

Without good nature, man is but a better kind of vermin.

There is but one proper rule of life and action. This is to be sincere in every thing, and to submit to the dictates of virtue; to do nothing to another, which you could with not to be done to yourself.

There are three cardinal virtues; Prudence to distinguish; Courage to act what is right; and the Benevolence to respect and to pity the virtues and the frailties of mankind.

There are some affairs and distempers, which ill-timed remedies make worse; and great ability is requisite to know when it is dangerous to apply them.

It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal it.

SATURDAY, September 30, 1797.

The wife of Mr. Ruloff Stevens, of Rockland, near Closter, up the North River, was delivered in June last of FOUR perfect children at a birth—all girls: three died in a few hours—the fourth lived twenty four hours. Mrs Stevens at two other births had twins.

LIST OF AMERICAN VESSELS

Captured and brot into the port of Nantz, from the 31st of March last, to the 12th of July.

Ship Rainbow, Smith, of and from Charleston, bound to London.

The Rainbow is the first that was captured—she has been condemned by two tribunals

Ship Charlotte, Kindray, of and from Charleston, bound to Bremen.

Brig Juno, Walker of Portsmouth, (N. H.) from Charleston, bound to Hambro.

Ship Hebe, Lindergrin, of and from Savannah, bound to Lancaster.

Ship Confederacy, Jenks, of New-York, from China, bound to Hambro.

Ship Oneida, Sherry, of and from New-York, bound to London.

Ship Brifecs, Breath, of and from New-York, bound to Amsterdam.

Ship Light Horse, Hall, of New-York, from Bristol, bound to New-York.

Brig American Hero, M'Dougal, of and from New-York bound to Cadiz.

Ship Mercury, Keown, of Philadelphia, from Norfolk, bound to Bremen.

Ship Bacchus, George, of and from Philadelphia, bound to London.

Brig Mary, Holmes, of and from Boston, bound to Naples.

Brig Catharine, Carneau, of Newburyport, from Salem bound to Bilbao.

Brig Nelly, Burtis, of -----, from Marblehead, bound to Lisbon.

None of the others have been tried yet, but it is expected, in consequence of the Rainbow being condemned by the second tribunal, that the trials of the other ships will be brot forward very shortly.

Eunice, belonging to Falmouth, Massachusetts, bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia, was taken 7th July, and brot in the 20th.

A letter appears in the Columbian Mirror, dated Sept. 13th, and addressed to the editor of that paper by Mr. Francis Bailey, stating, among other various particulars, that he left the Natchez about the middle of July, and that then there was no more probability of an amicable settlement of the disputes between the Americans and Spaniards than before, altho there had been some small appearance of pacification among the Spaniards, which was in a manner done away. The Spaniards had recently taken away by force a cargo of flour from an American citizen, at their own price, notwithstanding his remonstrances on the occasion.

Extract of a letter, dated Cadiz, July the 7th.

"The English still continue to blockade this port, and have thrown a few bomb shells into the town without doing much damage. We doubt their persevering in their cruel attempt, but if they should, they may expect a proper reception."

Extract of a letter, dated Tranquebar, (Coramandel Coast) April 3, 1797, received at Salem.

"The famous Modeste privateer is at last taken: the fast sailing frigate Fox caught her, after a chase of eight hours, when the Modeste carried away her fore top-mast, else she would have escaped. She had before made a successful cruise against the English, and sent several of their valuable country ships to the Isle of France. It is reckoned that this privateer alone has captured property from the English in these seas to the value of above a million of dollars, and near as much more from the Dutch, and Portuguese and Spaniards, at the first of the war. But all English India speak much in praise of the conduct of the captain and officers of the privateer Modeste; as upon all occasions they restored private property, trunks, clothes &c. and set all her prisoners ashore on their own coast. Their unexampled conduct to the ladies and gentlemen of

the Triton Englishman, last year, stands high in the list of noble actions.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Big Tree, on Genesee River, dated August 28, 1797.

"The Indians were yesterday in Council, when a message arrived from the Indians who were lately hostile to our government, informing, that the Spaniards were sending among all the Indians, requesting they would unite with them, which the message desired the Six Nations would not do. The message was immediately taken into consideration, and the Council determined, they would have nothing to do with the business. Similar messages are gone to the Indians about Canada, and I hope may meet the same fate." [Gazette of the U. S.]

BOSTON, September 23.

THE CONSTITUTION.

We this day were in hopes to have announced to the public, the launch of the frigate CONSTITUTION: But after two attempts to set her afloat, she remains in perfect safety on the ways where she was constructed. However mortifying the circumstance may be to the friends of the Constitution; and however ardent the prayers might have been for her safe delivery into her destined element; there cannot be the least imputable blame attached to the constructor; or to any or either of the gentlemen who were conductors of the operation. Every thing that men could do, was done. Wisdom and Science could not prevail, where inevitable obstructions opposed a superior force.

MARTINSBURG, (Virg.) Sept 14

A dreadful event took place here on Thursday evening last: a most promising female child of Col. Philip Pendleton, aged 4 years, with a number of others, had made a fire of pine shavings within a few yards of her father's house; her clothes caught the flame, and being a fine loose muslin dress, instantaneously enveloped all the tender frame in a volume of smoke and fire; and none being present to yield a timely relief, pitiable to relate, scarce a span escaped the ravages of the terrible destructive element: while the tender agonized mother was a sufferer in person too, being much burnt, (particularly her hands) in her endeavors to save a beloved tortured child, having been the first of the family who reached the blazing victim; but in vain; for, after sustaining sixteen hours of indescribable misery, notwithstanding the earliest and best adapted medical aid, she expired! An impressive moment to parents and others to guard all under their care, more especially weak and unjudging children, not from such fatal exposures only, but every possible risk to which playful levity may subject them.

MORTALITY.

BY the wife and the virtuous Death's summons is heard
With a mind quite resign'd and serene;
By the vicious alone the grim tyrant is fear'd,
While the good but rejoice at the scene.

DIED

On Sunday the 10th inst. at Lebanon Springs, after a short illness, in the prime of life, Mr. FREDERIC LASHER, son of Col. John Lasher, of this city.

At Bordentown, (N. J.) Mr. ROBERT CARY, of Philadelphia—

And on Friday morning the 22d inst. Mr. JAMES CARY, son of the above mentioned gentleman, and late clerk in the office of the Philadelphia Gazette.

In this city on Saturday morning last, Mr. SAMUEL SUYDAM, of the house of Suydam and Heyer, Merchants; a worthy and respectable citizen.

On the evening of the same day, at Brooklyn, ANDREW ONDERDONK, Esq. one of the Senators of the Southern District—a man in whom were centered the endearing qualities of a good citizen, the tender and affectionate husband, the dutiful son, the honest man, and the christian.

The following is an exact list of the BURIALS in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from Thursday, Sept. 21, to Wednesday Sept. 27 inclusive—

Thursday	10
Friday	17
Saturday	26
Sunday	25
Monday	24
Tuesday	23
Wednesday	14
Total	139

COURT of HYMEN.

WHERE souls congenial sentiments expand,
How blest, how happy must the union prove!
Alike delighted with the mutual band,
Hug the sweet chain—and only live to love.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, to Miss SOPHIA STEDDIFORD, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Mr. JOSEPH SIMON, to Miss MARY M'LAUGHLIN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. GEORGE BARKLEY, to Miss ELIZABETH SIMS, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. AUGUST WINTER, to Miss ROSINA MOORE, second daughter of Mr. Blasius Moore, both of this city.

On Wednesday last, in Greenwich street, by the Right Rev. Samuel Provost, D. D. Bishop of New-York, the Right Honorable JAMES CRAWFORD, Esq. late Governor of Bermuda, to Mrs. LIVINGSTON, widow of the late Robert C. Livingston, Esq. and on Thursday afternoon they set out for their fest at the Manor of Livingston.

THEATRE,

GREENWICH-STREET.

This Evening, will be presented, a celebrated Comedy, called,

The J E W.

To which will be added, a Grand Serious Pantomime Ballet, called, The

Death of Captain Cook.

With the original Music and Accompaniments, by Mons. Rochefort.

New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations, descriptive of the Manners and Customs of the

Natives of O-wy-hee in the Pacific Ocean.

With Characteristic Dances, and Processions, and the Marriage Ceremonies (peculiar to that country) OF PERREA AND EMAL,

To conclude with the Assassination of Captain Cook.

BOX 8s. PIT 6s.

EVENING SCHOOL,

At No. 91 BECKMAN-STREET.

THE Subscriber has again commenced an EVENING SCHOOL, at No. 91 Beckman-street, and proposes to teach Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, the Latin and Greek Languages, Accountantship, Mensuration, Surveying, and Navigation. J. FISK.
New-York, Sept. 30. 83--1f.

JOHN HARRISON

Has constantly for sale at his Book Store, Peck-Slip, a large and general assortment of the latest and most approved

NOVELS,

Together with an extensive collection of books,

DIVINITY, MISCELLANY, &c.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

To be had on reasonable terms, for single Gentlemen only, enquire of the Printer. Sept. 16. 81--1f.

EVENING SCHOOL,

THE subscriber, impressed with a sense of gratitude for past favors, takes the liberty to inform the public, his friends in particular, that he has again commenced an Evening School at no. 13 Nassau street; and hopes by a constant and punctual attendance to the business to merit their patronage. Sept. 16. NATHANIEL MEAD.



COURT of APOLLO.

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

A Crafty trav'ler had no meat,
Of salt he had a little,---
His stomach up--he wish'd to eat:
But salt was meagre victual.

His comrade had in store (he knew)
A gammon nice and tender:
He lick'd his lips, and long'd to chew
A slice, however slender.

A shot occur'd;---when, from his poke
His treasure'd salt producing,
The wight his comrade thus bespoke,
With look and tone seducing:

"Whate'er good fortune sends (d'ye see)
With you, my friend, I'll share it.
If salt you want, pray call on me:---
Tho scant, I'll freely spare it."

Thus he, demure as fitching cat
In wry prison taken,---
His cautious comrade smell'd a rat,
That wish'd to know his bacon.

"Thanks, friend!" he cries: "but let me say,
I'm rather loth to borrow:
For if your salt goes all to-day,
You'll have none left to-morrow.

"For one more reason, I decline
Your friendship so exalted:
Without your aid, I well can dine---
My meat being ready salted."

JAMES TRIVETT, Ladies' Shoe Manufacturer,

No. 84 William Street---late from London,
WISHES to express his grateful sensibility of the many
favors conferred on him since his commencement
of business in New-York, and begs leave to inform his
friends and the public in general that he has on hand an
elegant assortment of Ladies' Kid Shoes and Slippers, do.
Morocco black and coloured; Childrens Shoes of all sorts
and sizes, &c. &c. The above he is determined to sell
very low, wholesale or retail. Shoe shops and country
merchants will find it to their advantage to apply as above.

N. B. Ladies measures taken, and Shoes made admirably
to fit the foot, he having received a large assortment of
English kid and Morocco of all colours. Having some of
the first workmen in his employ, he flatters himself that
ladies will have their expectations fully answered.

* * To shoe makers. A few dozen of black and red
morocco of an excellent quality; English seal skin, ladies
fisk shoe ties, &c. for sale as above.

New-York, June 26, 1797

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AT H. CARPENT'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

PEARL-STREET, NO. 93,

Will be found elegant PRINTS, lately imported.

HE informs the public that his CATALOGUE is just out,
and that since it was put in the hands of the Printer,
have been added to his Library among the new publi-
cations, the Annual Register for 1795, History of the
United States, 1796---the novels called Abstrait, Children
of the Abbey, Cousins of Shiras, Elizabeth, Family Se-
crets, Farmer of Inglewood Forest, Hubert de Scarac,
Princes of Zell, Mytic Castle, Neapoliton, Plain Sense,
Albert de Nordenstaid, Paul and Virginia, James the
Fatalist, by Diderot, Nun, by the same, Emma Court-
ney, Austenburn Castle, Arville Castle, Theodore Cy-
phon, Marchmont, by Charlotte Smith, Rambles Farther,
by the same. Besides a large number of other works,
which tho not new are of approved merit, they amount
with the above to about 300 volumes, and a catalogue of
them, in writing, will be found at the Library.

W. PALMER,

Japanner and Ornamental Painter,

HAS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal
Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-street, corner of the Old-slip
where he continues to carry on the

Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number
of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the low-
est possible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varnishing, and Sign Painting executed
in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. May 27.
Bonaparte, unused to contradiction, has expressed his
displeasure in strong terms, at the refusal of the Swiss to
grant a passage thro their territory; and he has even
threatened to procure by force what entreaties have failed
to obtain.

Cures for Lameness.

WHEREAS there are an abundance of people afflicted
with Lameness, proceeding from divers causes,
which from their long standing and obstinate resistance to
application appear to be of an irremediable nature.

Such persons are hereby respectfully informed, that a
person resident in this city, who from repeated and success-
ful experience, can with confidence assure them that he can
administer an easy and effectual application to the removal
of the causes, and the complete curing of such Lameness,
to the rectifying of distorted bones and joints; Lameness
proceeding from wounds, bruises, &c. And those of an
unfortunate derivation from the birth, as twisted feet, &c.

Any persons applying at No. 58 St. James's-street, may
be satisfied as to their enquiries every possible attention
will be paid to persons applying for relief in the above cases.
New-York, July 29, 1797. 74---tf.

S. LORD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public
that she continues to carry on the STAY and MAN-
TUA MAKING BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors
which will be her constant endeavors to deserve. tf48

JOHN VANDER POOL,

Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assort-
ment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Lim-
ners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of
Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes
Aug. 6 23---tf.

For Sale by Daniel Hitchcock,

No. 79 GOLD-STREET,

WILD Cherry Joist, Boards, and Plank, of the first qua-
lity; Boilhead Boards, and Joist; Beach, Birch,
Withewood and Maple Joist; Maple, Ash, and White-
wood Plank; 1-2 inch Whitewood Boards; clear and
common White-Pine Boards; clear and common White-
Pine 1-2 inch Plank; 2 inch Pine Plank; 1-2 inch wide
and narrow Pine Boards, and common Scantling.

N. B. The above stuff seasoned fit for immediate use.
Aug. 26, 1797. 78---tf.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, has removed from No. 133, William-
street, to No. 52, Cherry-street---

AND has for sale, in addition to a variety of genteel
Millinery, a great choice of white Chip Hats, elegant
Feathers, Cords, Tassels, Ribbons, Crimp'd Borders, &c.
Irish Linens, ready made Linen Shirts, &c. &c. India
Muffin, Perfumers, Bandanoe and Pulicat Handkerchiefs---
London Dolls dress and undress, and a variety of Toys,
&c. &c. &c. May 13, 1797. 63.

WHEREAS Thomas B. Bridgen, of the city of New-
York, Esq; as well for the better securing to Augus-
tin I. Jaquin, of the same place, gentleman, the faithful
payment of the debt which one Charles Bridgen owes to
him in manner herein after mentioned, as in consideration
of the sum of ten shillings to him in hand paid by the said
Augustin I. Jaquin, did, by a certain deed or indenture of
mortgage, bearing date the 10th day of May 1796, sealed,
executed, acknowledged, and delivered by the said Tho-
mas B. Bridgen of the first part, to the said Augustin I. Ja-

quin of the second part, grant, bargain, sell, alien, release,
and confirm unto him the said Augustin I. Jaquin, all those
two certain messuages, lots of ground, and premises, situate
lying, and being in the first ward of the city of New-York
aforesaid, at the corner of Broad, Pearl, and Bridge streets,
and bounded by three sides by the said streets, and on the
south side by a house and lot of ground now or late of
Mr Hugh Stocker; together with the appurtenances, and
the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders,
rents, issues and profits thereof, and also all his estate,
right, title, and interest in law and equity therein. To
have and to hold the same unto the said Augustin I. Ja-
quin, his heirs and assigns forever, upon condition neverthe-
less that if the said Charles Bridgen, or the said Thomas B.
Bridgen, their heirs, executors, administrators or assigns,
should faithfully pay to the said party of the 2d part, his
executors, administrators or assigns, the just and full sum of
three thousand dollars and the interest thereof, according
to the tenor and true intent and meaning of one certain
writing obligatory, bearing even date therewith, and duly
made and executed by the said Thomas B. Bridgen and
Charles Bridgen, to the said Augustin I. Jaquin, then the
said indenture to be void. And the said Thomas B. Brid-
gen did thereby bind himself, his heirs, executors and admin-
istrators to pay the said sum three thousand dollars with
lawful interest, according to the tenor and effect of the
said obligation. And in case default should be made in the
payment of the said sum of money to be paid by the said
writing obligatory, and the interest which should thereup-
on accrue, at any time or times on which the said principal
or interest or any part thereof should be due and payable,
that then the said party of the 2d part, his executors, ad-
ministrators or assigns are thereby authorized to grant,
bargain, sell and dispose of the thereby granted premises,
and all benefit and equity of redemption of the party of the
1st part, his heirs or assigns therein, at public auction in
fee simple, giving notice of such sale agreeably to the act
of the Legislature in such case made and provided. And to
make, seal, and execute to the purchaser or purchasers a
good estate, in law, in fee simple, of and in the premises,
with the appurtenances; which sale is thereby declared to
be a perfect bar both in law and equity against the party of
the 1st part his heirs and assigns, as by the said mortgage
registered in the office of the clerk of the city and county
of New-York, in lib. No. 7, of Register of Mortgages,
page 526, the 13th of May 1796. Reference being
thereunto had may more fully and at large appear.

And Whereas the said Augustin I. Jaquin, the obligee
and mortgagee named in the said writing obligatory and
indenture, did, by a certain instrument in writing, under
his hand and seal, bearing date the eleventh day of Octo-
ber, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, and by
him delivered to the subscribers for the consideration there-
in mentioned, bargain, sell, assign, transfer, and make over
unto them all and singular the messuages, lots, pieces, or
parcels of ground, hereditaments and premises, in the said
indenture or mortgage mentioned as fully as the same are
thereby granted to him, together with the said indenture,
and also the said writing obligatory and all the monies due
and to grow due thereon, and all his right, title, estate,
and interest of, in, and to the same; subject nevertheless
to the condition in the said indenture mentioned. And the
said subscribers were thereby authorized, in case of default
of payment of the said monies, or the interest, or any part
thereof, to sell and dispose of the mortgaged premises and do
every act in case of such default, which he the said party of
the second part was authorized to do, and could have done
had not the said assignment been made, as by the said as-
signment reference being thereunto also had, will more fully
and at large appear. And Whereas default has been made
in the payment of the said sum, and the whole principal
and interest monies due on the bond or obligation aforesaid,
still remain due and unpaid. Now, therefore, in
pursuance of the directions of the act of the Legislature of
the state of New-York, in such case made and provided,
notice is hereby given to the said Thomas B. Bridgen, and
to all other persons concerned in the redemption of the said
mortgaged premises, that the same will be sold at public
vendue at the tolline coffee house, in the city of New-
York, on Thursday the twenty-second day of February
next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day for the
payment and satisfaction of the principal and interest mo-
ney due on the said bond, and the costs attending such
sale, pursuant to the power in the said mortgage contained,
unless, before that time, the same shall be otherwise paid
and satisfied. Dated this 11th day of August, 1797.

PETER LUDLOW,
GEORGE CROWDER,
JAMES GODWINE.

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